The Liberalist

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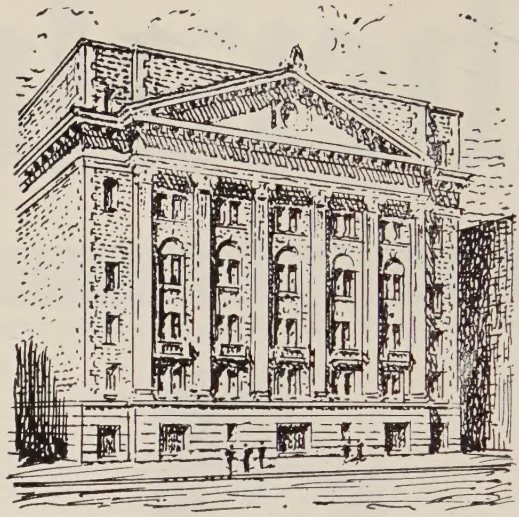
Easter Carol

O Earth! throughout thy borders
  Re-don thy fairest dress;
And everywhere, O Nature!
  Throb with new happiness;
Once more to new creation
  Awake, and death gainsay,
For death is swallowed up of life,
  And Christ is risen today!

Let peals of jubilation
  Ring out in all the lands;
With hearts of deep elation
  Let sea with sea clasp hands;
Let one supreme Te Deum
  Roll round the World's highway,
For death is swallowed up of life,
  And Christ is risen today!

George Newell Lovejoy



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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in the Peoples Church

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THREE GREAT SERVICES

9:00 A.M. — *"The Sunrise Never Failed"*
Children Dedicated
New Members Received

11:00 A.M. — *"Easter Forever"*
Broadcast WLS

7:00 P.M. — *"My Faith Grows Stronger"*
Broadcast WEBH-FM

DR. BRADLEY'S DAILY BROADCASTS

Monday through Friday

10:00 A.M. — 100.3 — WFMF-FM

DR. BRADLEY'S SUNDAY BROADCASTS

11:00 A.M. — Sunday Morning Service — WLS

5:45 P.M. — Vesper Broadcast — WCFL

7:00 P.M. — Sunday Evening Service — WEBH-FM
(November to Easter)

Great Books Course: First and Third Tuesdays, in Anderson Hall of Peoples Church

Counseling Service: Willoughby Tower, 8 So. Michigan Ave., CE 6-3044

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Thursday, 23rd February.

AFTER weeks of planning and preparation, the day for leaving Chicago and the beginning of our pre-Easter holiday finally arrived. I had not been able to do one thing about packing until this morning. June was off to school at her regular time at eight o'clock. On her return from school in the afternoon we went immediately to the train and took the Twentieth Century to New York.

We try to avoid as much as possible the hectic confusion of the last few hours before leaving, but there are always myriads of things one wants to do in those last hours.

I tried to get in all of the sick calls and put as many of the details in shape as possible in order that I might be relieved of any unnecessary anxiety.

After dinner we went to the lounge car and spent the evening reading and visiting.

New York, Friday, 24th February.

I have had a busy day in New York today. Shortly after we were comfortably located in the Commodore Hotel, where the manager, Mr. Howard, has always been very kind to me during the years, Mr. William Froelich, formerly of Chicago and now with Princeton University, called and said Bishop Pike, the Episcopal Bishop of California, was speaking at the Lenten Service in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and asked us if we would not like to go. We put aside every other plan and attended the service with Mr. Froelich.

Bishop Pike is one of the most interesting, dynamic and courageous thinkers in the church today, and is so far ahead in his thinking, of many of his own denomination that he is being made the recipient of criticism, and I notice that some of the clergy in Virginia contemplate action against him for heresy. It is incredible there should be a heresy trial in this century.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church is one of the historic churches of this country and I first knew of it under the distinguished pastorate of the great minister, Dr. Jowett. The present minister, Dr. John Sutherland Bonell, has had a long and distinguished career. We arrived at the church at twelve o'clock for a service which was to begin at 12:15. Already the church was nearly filled and by the time Bishop Pike and Dr. Bonell came into the pulpit it was crowded. A thousand people were in attendance. St. Thomas Episcopal Church nearby and the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church united for the Lenten Season.

I had never met Bishop Pike before, although I have read his articles and books and have heard him frequently on the air. I expected a much taller and larger man. After the sermon I had the opportunity of talking with him and was inspired by his awareness of our work in Chicago and the Peoples Church. His sermon was on Heaven and Hell and was about as far removed from the orthodox conception of either as one could imagine. Throughout most of the sermon I could sense the deep undertone and the spaciousness of his own theological thinking. I made only one written note of the sermon, which

is "God could not create a Heaven more wonderful than being at one with Him. Likewise Hell could be no worse than absence from God." There was no effort whatever to think of Heaven and Hell as places. One is always delighted when a much greater mind and a much better known personality reflects one's own opinion. I have been preaching the same conception of Heaven and Hell for many years. I noticed a great many clergymen in clerical collars in attendance, as well as an unusual number of younger people. Dr. Bonell conducted the service with dignity and grace.

We went to Rockefeller Center for luncheon after the service and had a table near the window where we watched the ice skaters.

This evening we were invited to dinner at one of the best-known hotels in the country—the Algonquin. Here at noon and in the evening as well, gather the literati of New York, the columnists, people from the theatre and many interesting personalities. It has lost none of its charm and has not succumbed to the tragedy of any form of modernization which would rob it of its historical significance. We were the guests of Mr. Joe Van Rogers, now associated with an importing firm in New York, who years ago was a member of the Uptown Players and worked under Jimmie. We have maintained our friendship through the years. The other guests were a member of the faculty of the New York University and his very charming lady friend.

After dinner we attended the Belasco Theatre, seeing a great play, "All the Way Home," faultlessly cast and superbly acted. After the theatre we returned to the Algonquin for a snack and to visit about the play.

Saturday, 25th February.

Sailing day! Always a day of excitement, anticipation and more or less confusion. We were up early and Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Kessler arrived to have breakfast with us. Mr. Kessler is the Art Director of the nationally known "Field and Stream," and Mrs. Kessler has a fine reputation of her own, as one of the nation's great fly-tiers. Every fly-fisherman in the country is familiar with her work. She has tied flies for Herbert Hoover and for many other famous fishermen. I knew her for many years when she lived in Wisconsin, before her marriage and her removal to New York City. We had an interesting visit together over the breakfast table and then they accompanied us to the pier.

It was a thrilling moment to see the "Mauretania" again, but I wondered what had happened! Her stacks were all rusted, as were the sides of the ship as well. Her usually gleaming white paint was discolored. I looked up at her in amazement. It was not until I was aboard and talked with one of the officers that I learned she was at the pier during that unprecedented snowstorm in New York. She sailed with three feet of snow on her decks and the snow and ice melting had affected all the paint and she was a sorry-looking ship. But I know that at the first opportunity the Cunard Line will have her all in shipshape again.

We were delighted to have come to our cabin shortly after we arrived there, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Turner, who had made the trip with us before and who since have become very dear friends. Mr. and Mrs. Turner had recently returned from Europe and when we first saw them we hoped they were going to make this trip with us. We had a lovely visit and renewed a very precious friendship.

At 12:30 the parting signal sounded and the "Mauretania" backed slowly away from the pier. It was raining, very cold and a fog was settling down

upon the harbor. The "United States" pulled out just a short while ahead of us and was soon lost in the fog. We followed her down the bay to the Ambrose Lightship and never got a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. After turning south from the Ambrose Lightship the weather thickened. We were seated with the Chief Engineer, J. H. Salt, and found him to be a most interesting and pleasing personality. I am sure we are going to enjoy him more and more as the trip proceeds. We were delighted to see that our table companions were our old friends, Mr. Charles Marlowe, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and his cousin, Dr. G. Distler, one of the best-known physicians in the New York area. We have been their dinner companions several times. Our new table companions for the seventeen days we are to eat together are Mr. and Mrs. William H. McCoy, from Rockford, Illinois, and Miss May Irving, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. We are very fortunate in the personnel of our table for it contributes very much to the appreciation of the trip to have congenial people with whom to dine.

I could tell by the ship's motion in the early evening that the wind was rising. I knew Cape Hatteras was before us and I anticipated some stormy weather.

Sunday morning, at Sea,
26th February.

My first thought on awakening this morning was of our own church. It has been a very stormy night. I was sure last night a heavy sea was in the making but I did not think it would be as severe as it has been today. It lasted all night and all day today and is the worst sea I have ever been in, and I have traveled the ocean many times. It is the worst I have ever experienced on the "Mauretania." The officer told me tonight there were forty-foot waves. I walked aft on the main deck this afternoon just to watch the sea and the mighty, majestic, powerful, relentless waves. The ship was tossed like the proverbial cork. I have never seen an angrier ocean. All activity on the ship today in which passengers were involved was cancelled. Usually there was a church service, but that was not held. All the programs were cancelled.

Early this morning I was first awakened by a deluge of water that came through the porthole, necessitating changing the whole bed and my nightclothes; and when you know that we were on the sun deck, which is a long, long ways from the sea, you have an idea of the tremendous storm we were having. The ropes were placed on the decks and we managed to take a walk after breakfast. The storm lasted from about midnight last night, and as I am writing these words to you she seems to be going down somewhat, but it has been the stormiest day I have ever spent. We have reached a velocity of 10 on the Beaufort Scale. Two more points is full hurricane. The dining room shows the effect of the sea on the passengers, for very few were at dinner. June and I are fortunate in that we have never been seasick and have no feeling of sickness today. We even went in to the movie tonight and saw a picture, but it was a little unpleasant and uncomfortable.

I am reading the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Fisher's book on addresses, which I found in the ship's library and also the fascinating story of my friend, Captain Donald Sorrell, who sailed a sturdy ship and who will be remembered by many who have sailed on Cunard ships in the past and who died so suddenly after bidding farewell to the "Caronia" as she sailed away on a cruise from Southampton. Captain Sorrell was probably one of

the most beloved captains the Cunard Line has ever had. The story is fascinating and it made me forget the storm.

Monday, 27th February

What a hectic night it was! Almost impossible to sleep, but I could tell the sea had started to go down after midnight and this morning by eight o'clock it was much better and, as the day deepened the sun came out and the sea settled. It was a great relief to all on the ship, but once more the "Mauretania" had demonstrated her traditional seaworthiness and maintained her reputation as being one of the best ships in a heavy sea which you will find afloat.

Tonight was the Captain's reception. We are going South with every mile and the weather is getting better. Tonight the entire passenger list were invited to meet the Captain, the Staff, Cabin and Ship's Officers. It is always a very pleasant experience, one meets many friends for the first time. Our Captain, J. Crosley Dawson, and the Staff Captain, H. A. Stonehouse, are both delightful gentlemen and I look forward to knowing them better. They were very gracious and hospitable and made us all feel that we were members of the same family for seventeen days.

Tuesday, 28th February

The storm delayed us four hours, so we were four hours late today, but it was a beautiful, beautiful morning and we docked in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, about noon. There was no sea, but warm sunshine. We did not go ashore until afternoon. Two other ships, the "Gripsholm" and "Bianca C" are in port. We saw many members of the U.S. Military. It was nice to pick up a New York Times in St. Thomas.

The Virgin Islands were purchased by the United States from Denmark in 1918 to prevent them from falling into the hands of Germany, thus menacing the Panama Canal. We paid $25,000,000 for what Herbert Hoover described as "An effective poorhouse." Rum was the only paying business and our prohibition laws promptly abolished that. Being practical people, the Virgin Islanders decided, remembering the words of President Hoover, that if this were a "poorhouse" it most certainly was the world's most handsome, comfortable and salubrious one! So, they went into the resort business! What they have achieved is clearly evidenced in St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John. It's not only the natural beauty, panoramic views from mountaintop vantage points, gem beaches, super-swimming, yachting and insured weather—it's the people you meet, as well, that bring visitors back to the Virgin Islands again and again. Life, whether you're a visitor or a "convert" can be as quiet or as gay as you want, as formal or as informal as you like—at noon or at midnight, you'll find places to go in congenial surroundings.

St. Thomas has a tremendously fine architectural heritage and according to Frederik Gjessing, National Park Service Historical Architect, twelve St. Thomas structures have been selected under the Historic American Buildings Survey program to be photographed and described for preservation in the Library of Congress.

At Fort Christian, begun by Eric Smidt in 1665, the first Governor of St. Thomas, you will see the ancient dungeons, torture chamber and the courtyard which is paved with marble and slate gravestones. An old Danish military cemetery, and Mahogany Row, a stand of beautiful old mahogany trees which border the avenue are worth seeing. There are interesting murals on the first landing of Government House, and Stephen Dohano's murals in the Post Office. There is

Croton Garden and the Old Danish Kitchen, Beretta Center, where centuries old warehouses and slave marts are transformed into attractive shops. Where pirates once trod, within these three-foot-thick walls which once guarded plundered treasures, again can be found exotic merchandise from all over the world. The childhood home of Camille Pissaro is over Sears Roebuck's store. Pisarro, with Monet and Renoir, fathered the school of Modern Art. Graves of his parents are in the Jewish cemetery.

For fine architecture, there are the Senate Building, back of Fort Christian, the Dutch Reformed Church, the Jewish Synagogue, Frederick Evangelical Lutheran Church and the 18th century Lutheran Parsonage (the second oldest Lutheran Church in the Western Hemisphere, established as a branch of the Danish Lutheran State Church in 1666).

St. Thomas is an interesting, picturesque and historical place and it is always a delight to visit it.

Wednesday, 1st March.

The particular reason many people do not get the full benefit of a visit to unfamiliar places is because they have not become familiar with the places and do not know them and have not studied about them. We try to know as much as we can about the places we are going to visit, which adds considerably to the interest when we are able to visit them.

One of the most interesting of all the French West Indies, and we have visited most of them, is the Island of Martinique. This island the Caribbeans called "Land of Flowers." It was discovered according to some authorities in 1502. However, 1493 seems the most likely date since nearby, only 25 miles away, Dominica was discovered that year. There is an old story that Columbus was suffering from gout on his 1493 trip, and kept to his cabin. By the time he got as far south as Martinique, he was probably about out of names for islands, and tired of having somebody popping in, disturbing his rest every five minutes with "Admiral, there's another island off the starboard (or port) bow! What shall we name it?" He probably sighed and replied "Go ask the Caribs!" This could account for both lack of date record and his not naming Martinique! Proudly French, the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, since 1946 have enjoyed the equivalent of our statehood under the French flag as incorporated Departments of France, each with two Senators and 3 Deputies representing them in Paris.

Two events of world renown have happened in Martinique; the birth in 1763, of the woman who became the wife of Napoleon and whose name was Empress Josephine. We visited her birthplace today. The other event is the eruption of Mt. Pelee on May 8, 1902, with the loss of 26,011 lives and the almost complete destruction of the beautiful city of St. Pierre, which is called the Paris of the New World. Geologists claim that this last eruption opened a safety valve which had been deeply buried, and that another major eruption is extremely unlikely since frequent minor eruptions prevent the build-up of dangerous pressures.

During World War II, Martinique sent 40,000 men to the battlefront. Martinique is the Riviera, Africa and a bit of Paris in the midst of superlative tropical splendor. Nature lavishly endowed the island with forest-sloped, towering mountains, rivers, fertile soil and only one-third of the island is level.

One of the advantages in making more than one visit to the West Indies is the opportunity one has of seeing

what happens in the interim. Tonight a number of native dancers came aboard the ship and gave an interesting program which we enjoyed very much. The dancing was interesting and the music enticing. They were all in native costumes and presented a most unusual and interesting program.

We are sailing tonight for Barbados. It is moonlight and the sea is calm. I am going to finish Captain Sorrell's "The Sea is My Steed."

Thursday, 2nd March.

We dropped anchor about eight o'clock this morning and went ashore at 9:30. The Island of Barbados is one of my favorite islands in the West Indies and we wanted to make the most of our visit. Barbados is called "Little England," the island of eternal summer. It has been continually under the British flag since it was settled in 1625. It was discovered by the Spaniards, and the name Los Barbados means "the Bearded," derived from beardlike clumps of vines or tendrils hanging from wild fig trees. The Spaniards did not settle and the next to invade the island was Sir Olive Leigh, in April, 1605. He found the island uninhabited and left. Sir William Courteen established the first settlement, which he called Jamestown, now Holetown. In 1650 several thousand white slaves, Irish, Scotsmen, political prisoners, and religious dissenters were sold to planters for 1,500 pounds of sugar per head. Called the "Red Legs" their descendants still remain and slavery was abolished in 1834. George Washington and his brother Lawrence visited Barbados, arriving November 3, 1751. He described the cottage where he resided as "very pleasantly situated, pretty near the sea and about a mile from town. . . . we command the prospect of Carlyle Bay and the Shipping." This house is on the corner of Chelsea Road and Bay Street and we went out to see it this afternoon.

I always go out to visit Codrington College, which is training men of the West Indies for the ministry. On the way we stopped at the old St. John's Church and attended a Lenten service being held for the children. This church goes back to 1637. Further on, at Codrington College, is the loveliest campus I know. Then on to Sam Lord's Castle, where we had a lunch of flying fish.

Returning to the ship, as we stepped off the elevator to go into the dining room, who greeted me but Paul Angle, Director of the Chicago Historical Society and well-known historian. He and Mrs. Angle were vacationing in Barbados and had come aboard to meet some friends and have dinner with them. I was delighted to meet Mr. Angle. I had just read a review of a book written by a mutual friend of ours in Chicago, the well-known attorney, Mr. Willard King. I had a copy of a review of Mr. King's book in the London Literary Review which I gave to him, as he had not seen it. We only had an opportunity of a friendly chat, which I hope we can renew sometime this year when we are both back home in Chicago. In the next issue I shall continue with more highlights of our trip.

I think you might be interested to know that several newspapers in the United States are taking my syndicated column which I call "Along the Way." This column is available in newspapers everywhere.

The other day I received a copy of The Linden Leader, of Linden, Michigan, a paper upon which I worked as a boy and where I learned to set type. They are now using my column every week. I wish my father and mother were here to know that.

Keep looking up!

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

THE most significant fact which can lodge in the consciousness of any of us on this Easter Day is the sublime and almost inexpressible truth that the soul of man is a part of the divine order. I think that is the very heart and soul of the Easter truth. We are not in a mechanistic world which is run by the principle of pure materialism; we are in a world in which every groan and agony of civilization which it has passed through is an affirmation that a tomb shall be broken and that an empire cannot confine man in dark imprisonment against the illumination of the soul; that the selfish, greedy, ambitious men and nations cannot keep that stone in front of the tomb. Every Roman officer, Pilate and Caiaphas, every high priest, every Pharisee and every Sadducee, every one of them who had to do with this ghastly deed experienced what he thought was the compensation of finality. "Now we have killed him and he is dead!" That is what evil always thinks. They did not know that you cannot kill the truth! They did not know that you cannot destroy love! There is no power that anyone can use, no matter what they think or what they try, there is no power that can destroy love!

That is what Easter says to the human heart, and against this background of a purposeful universe in which we live is also the revelation of Easter as to the magnitude of God himself and of Love itself. How it deepens and changes our whole attitude when we see that open tomb.

Thou Christ of Easter Day, it is not the creeds, the ceremonies of the Church that affirm Thy Godlikeness, it is not our bedecked bodies, it is not even the joy of our hearts that we know something happens that makes life different. No, there is work to be done, Thy work. So walk from the altars of the Resurrection Morn, great and powerful Christ, who could meet the passion of death; walk out of the open church doors into the streets, avenues, lanes, highways and byways, Thou Galilean conqueror; Thou dost not need to worry now; there is nothing that can hurt Thee any more. Walk the highways of the world, Galilean Poet! Walk into the council of the men of nations, shame them by Thy presence, sit down at the green covered tables of the world's diplomacy, walk into a United States Senate, and United States House of Representatives. Speak with authority. Thou hast won, Galilean!

"DR. TOM DOOLEY"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
February 5, 1961

I EXTEND my apologies to those of you who are going down to the Coffee Hour after the service this morning, and you're all invited to come, because of the fact that I have got to go immediately from the pulpit this morning to speak at the Herring Breakfast down at the Swedish Club. They have a Herring Breakfast down there once a year and they asked me to come down to give the address. I've been going down there, I don't know how many years, but inasmuch as I never eat any breakfast on Sunday morning (not a particle of food has passed my lips today) I look forward to it. I never eat breakfast on Sunday mornings before I come to church. You know your blood can't be really operating successfully in two places.

These last few years I have been reading about and admiring a young chap named Tom Dooley. That's a good name: Dooley. And I like the name Tom, because that was my nickname when I was a boy. So when I put the word Tom and the word Dooley together and got Tom Dooley there was an attraction right off without my knowing anything about him!

Young Tom Dooley was the son of a very wealthy family in St. Louis, and that is a fact about Tom Dooley that a great many people don't know. His father was in the business of fabricating steel, and Tom Dooley from the earliest days of his life never knew any kind of financial need or financial depression. He was surrounded with a fortune, like so many men of character. We're beginning to get over this idea in America that possessing money is something that interferes with character development. It is true throughout our whole history and it's true in the City of Chicago. I could name you the sons of some very rich men in the City of Chicago who have distinguished themselves, who have conserved and added to whatever they were fortunate enough to have. There are men in the congregation this morning who know them. It is no longer a curse to be rich, and it is not true that the sons and daughters of the rich can't make something of life and do something for mankind! One of the finest things which I can tell you about Tom Dooley is that Tom Dooley could have remained a playboy; that he could have remained a rich man's son; that he could have followed the line of least resistance and squandered his life and wasted it in the frivolities and nothingness which constitute so much of social life!

Tom Dooley very early in his young boyhood was surrounded by that kind of atmosphere and he revolted against it basically and fundamentally. He said: "I want to do something with my life!" And when he went into the service of the United States Navy and became a Lieutenant Junior Commander and was Commander of the Montague he happened to be in that part of the world where, in the tragedy of Vietnam, when it was divided into the North and the South over the Communist issue, as a young Lieutenant Junior Commander he saw the tragedy of the refugees pouring out of North Vietnam into South Vietnam in order to escape the diabolical environment of this unspeakable Communism which is bringing so much heartache

and anxiety to the world. He came in touch with those refugees and, already having his Doctor's degree in Science and Medicine, as he saw them something was aroused in his own soul! He said: "Nothing is being done!" One doctor to over three hundred thousand people! One physician! And Dr. Dooley saw all this agony and heartache and poverty and hunger and disease and it captured his imagination and he said: "I'm going to devote my life to doing something for these people!" And we find him in a very humble, insignificant and unknown way beginning what has developed into the finest and the most influential organization of its kind ever created on this earth: "MEDICO!" Fired by the imagination of a young man who easily could have wasted and squandered his life! He could have thrown it away! The finest thing I know about Tom Dooley is the fact that he chose the way of sacrifice, and he chose it out of his personal contact where need and suffering and sorrow existed in the world!

When we understand the motivation that prompts people to make sacrifices like this we find the secret of the nobility of the human soul! And while Tom Dooley was rather ruthless in many of his programs by which he raised money, was rather aggressive, rather assertive and somewhat dogmatic in some of his techniques in the raising of funds for his work, the spirit back of it all, of sacrifice and love for mankind, motivated him as no other motivation in his life!

Another aspect of Tom Dooley and his work that I think has gone somewhat unrecognized is Tom Dooley's refusal to turn his activity in the world of medicine into a proselyting or propagandizing thing for religion! Tom Dooley was not a missionary! Tom Dooley had no religious performances connected with his hospital work. None! Tom Dooley did not surround himself with any clergy of any kind in his work. Tom Dooley repeatedly said: "I am not a missionary!", and he wasn't! He had no technique whatever, nor did he establish anything that could even approximately be called an effort to destroy the pagan and primitive religion of those tragic people of Laos! Nowhere! He said: "First, I must win their affection and their love by healing the manifestly physical, materialistic tragedy of the people!", and that's all he ever tried to do! And on one occasion he said: "I do not like to have people refer to me by comparison with any of those who have lived great and beautiful traditional, sacrificial lives in my church!", and he said on one occasion: "Do not compare me to St. Francis of Assisi!" There were those who tried to compare him to St. Francis of Assisi, and Tom Dooley said: "No! No! I am not a saint! I am not a protagonist! I am not a proselyter! I am just trying to heal the wounded and the sick, tired bodies of these unfortunate people!", and to that he devoted those few short years of his life!

Why, at thirty-four, to die of that scourge of humanity — cancer? So young! With his work far from accomplished, he yet had done so much! And the old question comes back to disturb the equilibrium of the mind of man: Why should the good suffer? Why should those who have projected love and kindness only, why should they suffer? And that age-long question comes pouring into our minds every time we think of Tom Dooley!

Every time I think of Dr. Tom I see him about two years ago when he was first stricken; then we go with him through surgery and we see everything

that medical science could do, thinking that they had been able to extract from the healthy tissues about it this cancerous germ, or virus, or whatever it is, this anarchistic cell. That's what a cancer cell is: an anarchistic cell! It refuses to obey the laws of the good cells around it; it goes off on a tangent of its own! Science thought they had taken care of it, but then the pains came back and he knew on his way to Japan, he knew when he landed in New York that it was what it was and was inevitably terminable! And what did he do? Braced and strapped, he reached out to pen and paper and in the last agonizing moments of his sickness he gave a message to the world; not one of complaint that he should go so young, not at all, but one of encouragement and one of strength! And then it was that he concluded with that last stanza of the poem I read to you this morning of Robert Frost: "And I have miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep."

When will we cease thinking that the success of life consists in its length? It never does! Some people accomplish more in twenty-five, in thirty-five, in forty-five years of life and leave a more indelible impression on humanity than others who live on into eighty and ninety who leave not a single smile back of them on the face of a single person because of their having lived. The length of life is not the standard of victory! It is *how* well we live! And Dr. Tom Dooley had crowded into those few years of his life a lesson and a great truth that will gladden and strengthen the hearts of men for centuries yet to come! He has written his name high in the annals as one who used his God-given faculty to the advancement and the help of mankind! Is living long merely the answer? Of course it isn't! The answer is living well! And the bravery is the answer! That's the God-given quality, like the bravery of those firemen of our City who went into that tumbling wall! The tumbling wall was a tragedy and there might have been another tragedy. It would have been a tragedy had they not gone; had they not answered the call of their stricken firemen, and had stayed outside the burning building! That would have been the bigger tragedy! For the biggest tragedy of all, my friends, is the tragedy of cowardice: the tragedy of not answering when human need calls to our hearts! That's the tragedy! You know my favorite illustration of this? I might have given it to you before. I must close with it, it's so apropos: that seething tempest on an eastern coast, a storm of unprecedented proportions, a ship floundering nearby on the shore line, the call of the lifeguards and the old captain of the lifeboat crew into the night. And as the ship comes down the slide to go out and answer the call, the wife of the old captain and the mother of the child who is with him, his son in the lifeboat crew, shouted to him and said: "Don't go! Don't go! You'll never come back! Don't go!" And the old lifeboat captain shouted to her through his megaphone: "We *have* to go! We don't *have* to come back!" That was Tom Dooley's life!

Now may some of the courage and some of the strength which comes from answering the call of the needy and those who are underprivileged and in poverty and stricken with disease in the world, come to us, oh God, and make us who have everything, who have more food than we can eat, more clothes than we can wear, who have too much of everything, be sensitive to those who haven't anything, anywhere in the world! Strike us in our consciences that we may understand!

BOOK CHATS

I PICKED up *The Agony and the Ecstasy,* the biographical novel of Michelangelo, by Irving Stone, published by Doubleday. I had read into it only a little way when I called up a friend, the president of an Arts Club to which I belong, and said: "Ruth Ann, I am reading The Agony and the Ecstasy, by Irving Stone, and I am inspired, enchanted and enthralled! I would love to review it on Literature Sunday next season." Ruth Ann said: "O, that's fine!" Later on I decided that, though I am no longer young, I still rush in where angels fear to tread. I have done it all my life. No use expecting me to change now; yet how incompetent a person to review such a monumental book—one which will "enthrall" many people besides myself: artists, students of art, historians, all those vast numbers of people who have toured Italy, Florence especially, and Rome, Bologna and some of the smaller cities. They will see anew and perhaps in an entirely different light all those wondrous works of art, frescoes, paintings, sculpture, architecture by this master, who was also a poet and an engineer. They will appreciate them and him with an entirely new evaluation, after they live through the creation of his works of art—the agony and the ecstasy of this man, into whose very being Irving Stone seems to have welded himself in the creation of this book, also a great work of art.

From the very beginning we live through The Agony and the Ecstasy of this man's great life—his life's work —the "body of work" which he desired to leave to the world. We suffer each agony from the time when, as a boy of thirteen, he humbly and numbly accepts a beating because of his oft repeated request to be allowed to become an apprentice to Ghirlandaio, the painter. He accepts the beating because if he ran away the argument would have to be begun all over again and this time he was determined to have his way. So determined, that he had secured a bargain with Ghirlandaio whereby the painter was to pay Michelangelo's father for allowing him to teach the boy, rather than the father having to pay for the teaching. Michelangelo knew that in no other way could he get his father's consent—only by bringing some money into the house. His father, Lodovico, classed painting and sculpturing as "vulgar." It was "working with the hands," in manual labor. "Do you think that I will allow you to waste your life as a painter? To bring disgrace to the family name! For three hundred years no Buonarroti has fallen so low as to work with his hands."

"That is true. We have been usurers," angrily responded the boy.

"We belong to the Money Changers Guild, one of the most respectable in Florence. Moneylending is an honorable profession," replied his father.

Said this 13-year-old boy: "I have as much pride in our name as anyone. Why can't I learn to do fine work that all Florence will be proud of, as they are of Ghiberti's doors and Donatello's sculptures and Ghirlandaio's frescoes? Florence is a good city for an artist." And after much more arguing the boy added: "Bleed me of art, and there won't be enough liquid in me to spit." Not only did his father start beating

him, but Uncle Francesco felt it his duty to join his brother in trying to bring some sense into this young boy.

When the beating had stopped, due to the grandmother's entering the room, the boy said "I am going to be apprenticed to Ghirlandaio, father. You must sign the papers. I'll do well by us all." As a last resort the father said, "We have not a scudo to pay for any apprenticeship to Ghirlandaio."

Gently the boy replied: "There is no need for money, *padre*. Ghirlandaio has agreed to pay for my apprenticeship."

"He will pay!" Lodovico lunged forward. "Why should he pay me for the privilege of teaching you?"

"Because he thinks I have a strong fist."

It was not the strong fist but the intense earnestness of the boy's eyes that had won Ghirlandaio, and perhaps the spirit of a boy of thirteen to have the audacity to insist on his father being paid, whereas all the other apprentices in the shop were paying for the privilege of learning under Ghirlandaio. "You broke every rule, but you got in," said his friend Granacci, who had brought him to Ghirlandaio.

Michelangelo did not really desire to paint or to work under Ghirlandaio. All he desired was to carve in marble. As he walked down the streets of Florence, his hands would reach out and lovingly caress the statues or bas reliefs as he passed them.

The Agony and the Ecstasy is eleven books in one—648 pages of reading without counting the Note, the Bibliography, Glossary of words and phrases used in Italian and a list of the present locations of Michelangelo's works.

Irving Stone documented this novel of Michelangelo by several years of living and researching in the source materials of Florence, Rome, Carrara and Bologna. The work began six years ago, when he had the entire body of Michelangelo's 495 letters, as well as his records and art contracts (Milanesi edition, Florence, 1875), translated into English, a task not before attempted. A considerable amount of the material is published in this book for the first time. Irving Stone moved his family to Italy for his years of research there, worked in marble quarries and apprenticed himself to a marble sculptor to write this biographical novel. He is the acknowledged master of the biographical novel form. Is it any wonder that as one reads this story of the life of Michelangelo, one feels every agony—for there were many; so many, in fact, that finally I felt I could stand no more —something had to change or I would be worn out, as was Michelangelo many times.

Does history make the man or does the man make history? It would seem that God had planted the seed that was to become Michelangelo so that he might be there when needed—at the time of the Italian Renaissance.

Michelangelo loved marble. He felt that the forms were in the marble, waiting to be brought out and released. From the moment he was commissioned to do a piece of work his brain was in a fever until it was a work of art as perfect as his hand and brain could make it. He tramped the streets or the *campagna,* wearing himself out bodily while searching his brain for the idea which should be perfect in his mind.

During his lifetime there were two apprentices who had questioned him as to where ideas came from.

"Where do ideas come from, Tomao? Sebastiano asked that same question when he was young. I can

only give you the answer I gave him, for I am no wiser at eighty-two than I was at thirty-nine; ideas are a natural function of the mind, as breathing is of the lungs. Perhaps they come from God."

Once having conceived the idea for a piece of work, the idea and the work embraced his whole body and soul, burning within him until the work was completed. Now, herein was the agony —it would seem as though a special hell was created on earth for Michelangelo, for almost without exception, when he would be well into a gigantic commission, bursting with energy to continue without interrruption to the finished sculpture or painting, some impassable barrier would stop the work. It might be that the Pope who had ordered the work had spent too much money in gay and sensuous living so the work had to be held up for lack of funds, but more likely and more often it was a war. If we in this day and age mourn the unpeaceful condition of our world, it will do us all good and be a balm to our souls to read of the tumultuous condition of those days of the 14th and 15th centuries.

Michelangelo brought something new and vital to both painting and sculpture. First of all he wanted to carve human beings as God had made them—nude. He thought the human figure beautiful. He felt that everything God had made was beautiful. He thought no part of the human body was ugly, for God had made it and for a divine purpose. He believed in God—a very mighty, all-powerful God. Michelangelo was a universal. He thought in universal terms. He gave intense thought to what he wished to bring forth in a painting. How would Mary have felt when she was told she was to bring forth a man-child whose name was Jesus? He was sure Mary must have known all that was to happen to Jesus and in the Pietà which he carved he wished to show in her expression that she knew all that was encompassed in this great task of bringing up this child to be sacrificed in early manhood. Michelangelo would study the Bible and ancient manuscripts—everything which would shed light for him on the subject he was contemplating in his work.

He eventually admitted that he was "quarry" for his family. They all preyed upon him for support and for money for whatever venture they wanted to undertake, whether wise or otherwise and he could not seem to refuse them. His father lived to be 90 and never ceased to be importuning Michelangelo for money. Yet this was his favorite son, but there was never any real understanding or affection displayed toward that son, except perhaps at the moment of the father's death. The son would borrow money to send it to his brothers or his father.

From Ghirlandaio's studio he went to the Palace of Lorenzo de Medici Il Magnifico as he was called and known and loved in Florence. Il Magnifico took him into the Palace as a protege and much like a son. Lorenzo fostered the arts and aspired to bring the culture of the arts back to Italy and to make Florence the leading art center. Lorenzo was a member of an illustrious Florentine family and gathered around him the most learned men of the age, philosophers, scientists, artists, poets, writers. Michelangelo as a young lad was admitted to this group and encouraged and instructed by them.

At the time of Fra Savonarola's fanatical reformation in Florence Lorenzo was poisoned.

Michelangelo and the Contessina

Lorenzo's very young daughter, were immediately attracted to each other but when Lorenzo recognized this, he at once arranged a marriage for the Contessina. Michelangelo never ceased to hold this spiritual love for the little Contessina, though later on he was consumed by a passionate love of Clarissa, the mistress of a friend of his. When she was deserted by his friend Michelangelo knew her love for a short time, but as he became involved more and more with his great works of art he was so completely buried in his work that Clarissa did not receive sufficient attention to gratify her desires and left him.

Michelangelo was in spirit and in his thinking a true liberal in his day and age. He stood up to the various Popes of his day much as he had to Ghirlandaio when he insisted that Ghirlandaio pay his father for teaching him, Michelangelo, instead of the father paying the teacher. He defied Pope Julius again and again but he never lost the respect Julius had for him. His brother Lionardo who was fanatically religious had told him "I must explain to you that the Pope is the viceroy of God on earth. When you disobey His Holiness you disobey God." "Was that true," Michelangelo asked, "when Savonarola fought Alexander VI?" Then he continued, "Popes are men, Lionardo, elected to high office. I have to do what I feel is right." "You're not afraid that God will punish you?"

Michelangelo looked across at his brother: "Every man's courage is important. I believe God loves independence more than He does servility." "You must be right," said Lionardo . . . "or He would not help you carve such divine marbles."

The "body of work" which Michelangelo left to the world was created against the most formidable array of prejudice, jealousy, greed, and blind hostility. He had a life of conflict and dedication—of staggering creativity. He even become the architect of St. Peter's. When a road builder refused to build a road over which marble could be moved from Monte Altissimo at Pietrasanta, Michelangelo built the road. Later he was interrupted in this work and ordered to build defense walls around the city of Florence. There was no work too difficult for him to attempt, and so certain was he of his ability to do the finest work that during his younger period of life especially, he took it almost as an affront to himself if anyone else was given the commission. His agony consisted in being beset by the frustrations of interruption when once he had begun some gigantic work of art. It was as though an author having become a part of the book he was writing would be taken forcefully from his story and be compelled to enter upon some other gigantic book.

In his painting he decided to give the third dimension to his work. He made his human figures powerful—not just pretty, graceful, but forceful, powerful, healthy people of bone and muscle and blood. He spent at least two weeks dissecting human bodies that were waiting for burial—a different body each night—in the dead room at Santo Spirito. The penalty for violating a corpse was death. Yet he took the chance and did his work by candle light in the dead of night, figuring the exact amount of time he would have before the candles would sputter out. He was so ill and nauseated from this work that he could not eat for days. One evening his father, who had waited up for him until the morning hours, said that he smelled of death. So the next night he walked

the streets, found an open wine shop, sprinkled wine all over his shirt. Then his father accused him of carousing. To such lengths did this dedicated artist go that he might be true to the love of his life—sculpture.

There were two other loves we have not mentioned—Tommaso, the young artist who was to Michelangelo as a faithful, devoted son. Then the final love of his life—a love that was never consummated physically, with Vittoria Colonna, who preceded him in death. When he, himself, had suffered a stroke and had been given a sleeping potion, he arose in the dead of night, put a goat candle in his cap and returned to carving. Tommaso opened the door at dawn, coming in cautiously, then burst into laughter. "Why, you rogue! You pretender! I left you at midnight, deep enough asleep to stay for a week. I come back a few hours later and find a snowstorm."

"Delicious smell, isn't it, Tomao? When the white dust cakes inside my nostrils, that's when I breathe the best."

"Dr. Donati says you need rest."

"In the next world, *caro*. Paradise is already replete with sculptures. There'll be nothing for me to do but rest."

Two days later he stumbled and fell on the bed sideways. Later he tried to walk to St. Peter's in the rain but was brought back home by an apprentice Dr. Donati tried to keep him in bed

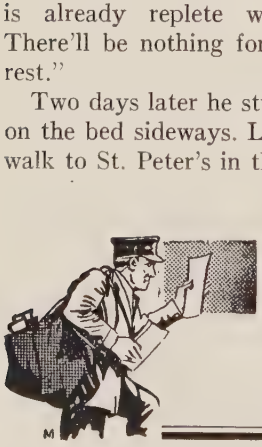
"Don't hurry me," he said to th doctor. "My father lived to his nine tieth birthday, so I still have two week to enjoy this salubrious life."

"As long as you're feeling so in trepid," commented Tommaso, "wha about a carriage ride in the morning The last work on the drum is com plete. To celebrate your ninetiet birthday, they're going to start th first ring of the dome."

"*Grazie a Dio,* thank God. No on will ever be able to change it now. Bu all the same, it's sad to have to die. would like to start all over again, t create forms and figures I have neve dreamed of." His amber-speckled eye were unwavering. "I like best to worl in white marble."

"You've had your *divertimento* fun."

That night, as he lay sleepless i bed, he thought, "Life has been good God did not create me to abandon me I have loved marble, yes, and pain too. I have loved architecture, an poetry too. I have loved my family an my friends. I have loved God, th forms of the earth and the heavens, an people too. I have loved life to the ful and now I love death as its natura termination. *Il Magnifico* would b happy: for me, the forces of destruc tion never overcame creativity."



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WE open the Mail Bag with an interesting letter from an Oak Park listener:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Some two years ago we installed a FM radio in our little shop in ord

to provide a more pleasant environment for our girls who are engaged in many tedious and monotonous tasks. It seems that Station WFMF was the wholehearted selection of the small group, and so for the past several years, both day and night, we have been accommodated with this beautiful music.

A short time ago, much to our delight and surprise, we began to hear you at 10 a.m.

Now, since all previous listening had been musical and not a voice program, it was decided to permit a special sort of break in the schedule and require them all to turn off their machines and so, for five minutes daily partake of your spiritual and philosophic approach to better living. This has been in practice now for several months and it has certainly worked wonders.

First of all, compelling all to listen and not perform any duties nor make noise to disturb others, it might seem that compulsion was needed and might be resented by the group, as they represent four or five religious faiths. This was not the case however, and all seemed in perfect harmony with the plan, and request it daily so that they may be reminded of higher and nobler thoughts—rather than dwell on the problems of home or office.

A finer spirit of understanding and harmony has resulted and so we feel we are a small shop with bigger people.

Thanks so much for your inspiring messages. I am sure many other offices and shops could repeat the above experiences.

Appreciatively,

Harry L. Busse

P.S. Also listen on Sunday night from the Church.

* * *

When a service is offered so freely to a community as a whole, it is intensely gratifying to receive a letter like the one above—gratifying to both WFMF and to Dr. Bradley—for it makes the effort and the time and service expended seem so well worth while. Like the wave we watch as it leaves the seashore, we little can realize how far-reaching the total effect may be. We do appreciate this fine letter from Mr. Busse. May his business prosper as he spreads good-will.

* * *

During Brotherhood Week in February, Dr. Bradley addressed the Fourth Annual Brotherhood Meeting of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, held in Oak Park Club. The following letter came as a result from a doctor in River Forest:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our banquet was particularly enjoyable for me and was a highlight of the entire Conference through your presence. The comments about your address were many and were praiseworthy. Most important, the message was presented in such a way that it resulted in stimulating much thought and possible formulation of future programs and projects for our group.

With kindest personal regards,

Sincerely yours,

Joseph R. Christian, M.D.

* * *

On December 2nd the New York Herald-Tribune contained four columns telling about the "Temple of Understanding" to be erected in Washington, D.C. It is to be a center to promote the exchange of information about the six major religions of the world. The night of December 2nd last was the start of a drive for funds. Lathrop Douglass of New York is the architect for the Temple. A picture of the exterior and interior design is shown in the article and the six faiths

are Islamic, Buddhist, Hindu, Confucian, Judiac and Christian. The building will resemble a jewel set in a reflecting pool of water and will be constructed of glass and marble with a central dome of faceted glass. Six extended wings radiate from the central core, each representing one of the six religions, which are international in scope. Each wing will contain a small chapel, intended not for worship but rather to illustrate the form and symbols of a particular major religion. Adjoining each wing will be a combined library and reading room with books covering the main currents of thought of that religion and attended by a competent scholar able to answer the questions of the visiting public.

Sponsors of the "Temple of Understanding" represented by sixteen directors, including leaders of the six main religions, intend to raise five million dollars in global campaign which will stress small contributions. The funds will both finance construction of the building and provide a permanent endowment for maintenance and staff salaries.

Mrs. Dickerman Hollister, of Greenwich, Conn., wife of a New York attorney, said the idea for the "Temple" grew out of a shared concern for greater religious understanding throughout the world and the need for a global symbol "to emphasize the spiritual values in human life." She found tremendous excitement and support for the project during an extended trip abroad in the previous year. There are more than 500 sponsors of the project.

Dr. Bradley was invited to become a sponsor, and accepted the invitation. Fund-raising is expected to take a year and construction another two years. This idea was launched at a casual luncheon between two Greenwich women, and it has grown into a world-wide effort, involving the cooperation of many international celebrities.

Mrs. Hollister met Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt at one of her tea parties, who advised her to take a world-spanning trip in order to make the "Temple" a truly international and interfaith project—a spiritual U.N. as it has come to be known.

With the advice and consent of the U. S. State Department, Mrs. Hollister and her 11-year-old son Dickon made the trip, gathering the support of people like Prime Minister Nehru of India; Prime Minister Walter Nash of New Zealand; Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippines, and others.

"The Temple is not to be built to encourage faith," said Mrs. Hollister. "The established churches are around to do that, and we have no desire to compete with them."

The Temple will be a place where one can appreciate the wonderful variety and yet the basic unity of all faith. It will not be a religious institution.

The very first contribution and the one dearest to Mrs. Hollister came from Joe Marzullo, son of Mrs. Marzullo, who has been helping Mrs. Hollister around the house for years. Joe presented Mrs. Hollister with a contribution out of his summer-job income. "It was the kind of gift which will build the Temple," said Mrs. Hollister. Many, many people in Greenwich are helping. And this is the letter Mrs. Hollister wrote to Dr. Bradley after his acceptance as a sponsor:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Many thanks for your good letter of January 5th and we warmly welcome you as a sponsor of the "Temple of Understanding."

We grow in leaps and bounds! In the past two weeks we have received more than a hundred enthusiastic letters from all over the world—and like the Red Queen in "Alice," we run to stand still! Money, unsolicited, comes tumbling in: $2 from Hong Kong, $20 from New Zealand, $50 from California, 35¢ from Burma, $1 from Africa, etc. This is the way we want to build, so that our "Temple of Understanding" will literally belong to the whole world. We accept with gratitude *any* size gift, emphasizing as we are the immaterial substance of love, compassion, understanding and brotherhood. A gift to the "T of U" will be, we hope, regardless of size, a gift of love.

We are now legally incorporated in the State of New York—you will see our Board of Directors on this new printing. Anyone interested in additional information, or in helping in any way, may write to the "T of U," Inc., Box 191, Greenwich, Connecticut.

The young Student Committee, in various colleges, is very active, and for this we are so thankful, as the project is designed to serve not only our generation, but also the children of tomorrow.

In December we had a presentation at the Carnegie International Endowment Center here in New York City under the sponsorship of the "Workshop of Cultural Democracy." Many of the American delegates from the United Nations were present and were most enthusiastic and interested in our plans.

All goes with a speed unbelievable. We never dreamed that in this "spiritual United Nations" we were voicing an unspoken hope of millions. If you want to help us grow, we will appreciate anything you feel you can do to help—talk to friends or to groups, write us up, anything! We feel that the "Temple of Understanding" should be born from the dreams of many; should be the creation of many hearts and many hands, so that it may validly belong to the whole world.

Do keep in touch with us. God bless you.

Judith Hollister (Mrs. Dickerman)
Maher Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I know, from yesterday's conversation, that you hadn't seen any of the press releases about my change in mid-January, leaving here after almost eighteen years to become President and Managing Officer of Rogers Park Savings at Clark and Lunt.

It's a tremendous opportunity for me, Dr. Bradley, and I'm very happy about it; the only difficulty will be leaving my many friends here and I am sure you know I'll always have nothing but the deepest affection for the people at Uptown Federal, and the Association itself.

Before leaving the area, I wanted you to know how much I've appreciated all you have done personally over the years to make working in Uptown Chicago more enjoyable, and the privilege it's been to work with you; certainly there isn't a comparable force in the area for the betterment of our people and district. I sincerely hope God will continue to give you the health and vitality with which to keep fighting.

Undoubtedly our paths will continue to cross in the future, but I did want you to know about the change in the offing.

My very best wishes.

Sincerely,
Jack (J. N. Langworthy)
Executive Vice-President.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM !

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

1—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Address. Annual Banquet, LaSalle Chamber of Commerce, LaSalle, Ill.

2—Cut six records, WCFL

3—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Cut 10 records, WFMF

4—Interview Broadcast, Phil Lind, WAIT
Two Weddings
Funeral
Hospital Calls

5—WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Address. Swedish Club Breakfast Swedish Club, Chicago
Address. Chicago Sunday Evening Forum

6—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address. Teachers' Institute, Highland Park, Illinois
Sick calls
Address. DesPlaines Woman's Club, Rand Park Field House

7—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Broadcast WGN-TV "At Home" Program, Paul Salinger
Funeral
Broadcast WMAQ on "Night Line"

8—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address. Junior Association of Commerce. Hotel Custer, Galesburg, Ill.

9—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Returned to Chicago
Left for Springfield, Ill.
Address. Annual Dinner, Congress of American Assoc. for Maternal and Infant Health. Gov. and Mrs. Kerner attended.

10—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Wedding
Address. Men's Club, Immanuel Baptist Church

11—Two weddings

12—WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon
Sunday Evening Forum.
Dr. James, of Greater Bethesda Church and myself, speakers

13—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Cut 8 records, WFMF-FM

14—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Wedding
Luncheon, Empire Room, Palmer House

15—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Address, 4th Annual Brotherhood Meeting, Oak Park Community, Oak Park Club
Address, Opening Lenten Season, First Methodist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

16—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Two funerals
Address, Fellowship Club, Sauganash Community Church

17—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Conference, Judge Campbell
Cut ten records, WFMF
Dinner at Azuma Restaurant with Rev. and Mrs. Kubose

18—Working in Study all day

19—WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Wedding
Brotherhood Meeting, Peoples Church Rabbi Louis N. Levy, Rev. G. M. Kubose, Mr. James Pike, C. S.; Rev. Theodore Richardson, Mr. Edward Marciniak, Ex. Dir., Commission on Human Relations

20—Worked in Study
WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM

21—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Address, Annual Men's Club Dinner New England Congregational Church Aurora, Ill.

22—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address, Junior Assoc. of Com., Hotel Baker, St. Charles, Ill.

23—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Left for New York

24—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
In New York. Conference with Publisher

25—at sea.

26—WCFL

27—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM

28—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Arrived St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum (November to Easter) Broadcast WEBH-FM.... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet..... 9:45 a.m.
There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. A sepcial class for youth over high school age, under Walter Haize. Jack E. Kolinen, superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday. New members welcome..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcement, or call SU 4-5173..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Monday, April 3rd, Education Dept., Miss Victoria Sandell, Chairman, will present Mrs. Mary Hoppe in a Book Review..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, April 17th, Annual Election of Officers and Report..... 1:00 p.m.
Wed. and Thurs., Apr. 26 and 27, Rummage Sale. All Day and Eve.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Apr. 9, Sunday Afternoon Tea, presenting Mrs. Edith Harrison in a Travelogue with colored slides of Austria and Switzerland..... 4:00 p.m.
Sunday, April 30th, Sponsoring the Third Annual Art Exhibit for Uptown Chicago. Anderson Hall of the church. Program. Refreshments..... 3:00 p.m.

Men's Club: Tuesday, April 25th, A. C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., from the Department of Clinical Science, University of Illinois, speaking on "The Truth About Krebiozen and It's Success in Cancer Research." Ladies invited. Refreshments. Guest fee 50c..... 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course Class: First and Third Tuesdays, Apr. 4 and 18..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily..... 10:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday..... 5:45 p.m.

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